1344. n. 63

Battel without Bloodshed:

OR,

Martial Discipline Buffoon'd

BY THE

City-Train-Bands.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by *John How*, in the *Ram-Head-Inn-Yard* in *Fanchurch-street*, 1701.

27. Aug.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 14 31 APR

Battel without Bloodshed, &c.

DUB, dub, dubba dub, says the Drum in the Morning,
To give the bold Heroes of *London-Town* warning,
That Crippl'd old *Watchmen*, and Hobling old *Porters*,
In *Almes-houses* Lodg'd, or in such kind of Quarters,
May rise from their *Flock-Beds*, and shake off their *Fleas*,
And earn half a Crown with a great deal of ease.
Then to mending old Belts, and to scow'ring of Musquets,
And whetting of Backswords, whose Hilts are like Baskets.

But Handicraft-Heroes, much harder and bolder,
Scorn Hirelings to lend, but themselves *play the Soldier*.
Then hey for *Long-Lane*, among *Salesmen* and *Brokers*,
To hire Buff-Dublets, and Plate-Handl'd Pokers,
To March in the Front, where the *Honour* and *Fame*
Is the greater allow'd, tho' the *Danger* the same.

Then *Kintners* and *Victulars*, the Chief of their Leaders,
Must cover their *Horns* with their *Beavers* and *Feathers*;
Relinquish *Blue-Aprons* to put on *Blue-Coats*,
And Arm with gilt Gorgets their Wine-bibbing Throats:
The Stockins they wear Died of Scarlet in Grain,
That they might not be soil'd with the Blood of the Slain.
Then tying on *Sashes*, in room of their *Aprons*,
They leave their good Wives to take care how the Tap-runs.
Some stuffing their Pockets with Figs or with Raisin,
To comfort their Hearts in a Sweltering Season;
Whilst others due care of their Carcasses show,
By Victu'ling their Trousers with *Ginger-Bread* ho;
Each carry'ng a Quartan of *Nants* in a Vial,
As if the whole Regiment fear'd they should Dy-all:

For

For none can imagin, but thoſe that muſt bear-it,
How ſweating in *Buff* will a Soldier Diſ-ſpirit.

When all thus Equip'd, from the *Brewer* to th' *Drayman*,
With Food to Preſerve 'em, and Weapons to Slay-man,
To th' *Change*, or *Guild-Hall*, a full Gallop they run,
The *Tallman* with Pike, and the *Short-Arſe* with Gun;
Conſidering whether the Right or Left *Shoulder*
Is proper to carry the *Arms* of a Soldier.

The Regiment now at their Rendezvous met,
Some ſtinking of *Sot-weed*, and others of *Sweat*;
Some Button'd in *Woollen*, ſome Lac'd into *Leather*,
With Heads lock'd in *Helmets*, ſome Fools with a *Feather*:
Thus ſome very Gaudy, and others as Plain;
Some Kicking of *France*, others Cuffing of *Spain*;
Some talking of *Preaching*, and others of *Plots*.
Some Praiſing of *Burges*, and ſome Doctor *Oates*;
Some ſetting forth old bloody Battles and Slaughters,
Some praiſing their Wives, or commending their Daughters,
Whilſt others were wiſhing (being dry with the Heat)
For Beer from the *Helmet* in *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*:
And why from the *Helmet*? Becauſe that the Sign
Makes the Liquor as welcom t' a Soldier as Wine.

The Houre being come, they flock in, in a Cluſter,
For fear of a Forfeit to th' Maſter of the Muſter:
So Grounding their Arms, take a Dram of the Bottle,
And then, like their Brethren, fall into a Tattle.

At laſt comes a little decripped old Creature,
Tho' Bold as a Lion, f'r ought I know, in Nature;
The Colonel I mean, with his Cheeks and his Noſe,
One as Blue as his Coat, tother Red as his Hoſe;
With Age being Hamſtring'd (a very ſad thing)
He hobbles along like a Pig in a String:
Yet being well warm'd with a doſe of Canary,
Tho' Foundr'd, he looks both Couragious and Merry;

Which

Which shows by the help of a moderate Cup,
His Heart is still good, tho' his Heels will not up:
I call it still Good, tho' perhaps it's a little
With Knavery touch'd, not the worse for a Title;
For Knavery's accounted but *Self Preservation*,
A Cunning that's useful in every Profession;
And therefore as Souldier and Citizen too,
A double Proportion's no more than his Due;

A Man by the use on't no Credit e'er Loses,
Except when he's bauk'd of the end he proposes:
For Frauds, if successful, are Crown'd with applause,
As Conquest in War gives a right to the Cause.

The Regiment now about twelve being met,
Perhaps my *Lord-Mayor* gives the Heroes a Treat.
The Officers Honour'd to Dine with my Lord,
Where Dainties from *Leaden-Hall*, furnish the Board;
As *Lamb*, *Veal*, and *Mutton*, *Fish*, *Poultrie*, and *Sallat*,
To please ev'ry Soldier and Citizens Pallat.
The Dinner summ'd up with a Course of good Custard,
And Plenty of Wine, they may Drink till they're Flustred;
Much Custard I say, and much strugling about-it,
For the Charter is lost, should my *Lord* Dine without-it:
But as for the Hirelings, they're keept at a distance,
And Cram'd with good wholesome substantial Subsistance;
As Buttocks of Powder'd Beef, Carrot and Mustard,
But for the poor Rogues, not a spoonful of Custard;
And that it might never be said, they should Dine
At my *Lord-Mayor* of *London*'s without Drinking Wine,
A Bottle of *Claret*, is Nobly Disposen
To every File that is Ten or a Dozen.

When thus they have Din'd, all arise from the Board,
And with Bows to the Ground, take their Leaves of my Lord;
The *Hoit-Boys* now Squeak, and the *Drums* beat Alarms,
And the Heroes confus'dly run all to their Arms:

And after an Hour is wasted, or near,
To know Right from Left, and the Front from the Rear;
With abundance of bustle they're jumbl'd together;
The *Cobler*, the *Porter*, the *Beau* and his Feather:
The *Slouch-Hat*, and *Helmet*, all mix'd in a File,
S' unlike one another, 'twou'd make a Dog smile:
Then as a fine show to the Cities great Honour,
They march thro' the Streets in the following manner.

At first comes a File of Huge Fat Lusty strong-Men,
Call'd *Martials*, that is, all the Regiments Hang-Men;
Distinguish'd by Truncheon, a Scarf, and a Feather,
And bound up in *Buff*, as a Book in *Calves-Leather*,
For the very same purpose, that is to Defend-'em
From Accidents, that otherwise might attend-'em.

The next that succeeds is the Col'nels Great Horse,
May-be, Old, Lame, and Blind, yet he's little the worse
For a Journey so short; being only led round,
In a show Cloth from thence to th' *Artillery*-Ground:
And walks once a Twelvemonth to *Black-Fryars-Stairs*,
With's Master on's Back, to attend the *Lord-Mayors*.

The next that comes up, is a Slave in a Liv'ry,
With a Cloak on his Arm, to hide some-bodies Knav'ry;
The Cape with Gold Flowers made wonderful Taudry,
Turn'd out-wards on purpose to show the Embroidery,
And in his Right Hand, does the Leading-Staff carry,
To keep the old Col'nel from being a weary.

Then up comes a Noise of untunable Pipes,
With a March that would give a Musitian the Gripes;
One of *Holloway*, *Hamp-shire*, and *Hog-Island* Jigs,
Like the squeaks and the Grunts of a Sow and her Pigs;
Behind the poor Pipers, the Col'nel advances,
And after the Musick he Hobbles, not Dances,
Oppress'd with his Corns, he no faster can Crawl,
Than a Snail o'er a Cabbage, or Fly up a Wall.

The *Eſtrich*, the *Silk-Worm*, the *Sheep*, and *Gold-Mine*;
Fine Beaver, and Whores-Hair, together all Joyn
With *Flanders*, to make the old Gentleman fine.
But with Age on his Brows, he ſeems Peeviſh and Vext,
At the Cares of this World, and the Fear of the next.

The Captains, nay Cuckolds, for ought that they know,
Succeeds the old Colonel all in a Row,
So Gallantry Dreſt, 'tis a very fine ſhow.
There's *Coffee-Man*, *Vintner*, the *Victu'lar* and *Brewer*,
Brave Tun-Belly'd Heroes, who always Fight ſure.
In Arms one would think, they muſt needs be Excelling,
Each uſes ſuch Diſcipline in his own Dwelling.
Here Drawer, you Raſcal, Pray what is the meaning,
The Maiden-head *ſtinks, and the* Kings-head *wants cleaning,*
Beſides, I Remember, your Yeſterdays Fault,
You're a very fine Rogue to get Drunk in the Vault.
Then Fir'd with Paſſion, of Patience Bereft,
He Cuffs him about, from the Right to the Left:
Then about to the Reer, crys the Chollerick *Mars*,
And his Conqueſts Compleats with a Kick on the Arſe.
Thus Train'd up in Scuffles, is made a Commander,
And Struts in his March like a Great *Alexander*.

Then on comes the Front, a moſt Noble Diviſion,
That moves Admiration at once, and Deriſion;
A parcel of Men, would be thought ſo at leaſt,
Each proudly diſguis'd in the hide of a Beaſt!
They are Wolves to the *French*, and have therefore a Loathing,
When e'er they're in Arms to appear in Sheeps Cloathing.
Their Heads Lock'd in Helmets, they won't March without 'em,
Becauſe that's the Place that is ſofteſt about-'em,
And where the Pate's Tender, it muſt be Confeſt,
'Tis a part that needs Armour much more than the reſt.
Theſe Helmets are made of a Cozening Mettle,
Not Iron, or Steel, or yet Braſs like a Kettle.

They

They look very bright, and are Clas'd very fine,
The Mob think 'em Silver, tho' some say they're Tin;
Indeed 'tis most likely of that they are made,
F'r, a Cap of Block-Tin, will best fit a Block-Head.

The Children in Clusters run hollowing by-'em,
(The Serjeants take Care that they shan't come too nigh-'em,)
Who mimick the Heroes with Helmets of Paper,
And Swords made of Laths, which they Brandish and Vapour;
With some old Blew Apron ty'd on to a Pole,
Which some forward Child for a Colours has stole;
By which Moral Emblem, the Captains may see,
They're advanc'd to that height from the lowest degree;
And is to a Wiseman, as much as to say;
Tho' Abroad they Command, they at Home must Obey.
From Gorget and Sash, stoop so low as the Tap,
And deliver the Quart with a Bow and a Scrape:
A Chamber-Pot here, Noble Captain we Crave;
Noble Captain replies, *What you want you shall have.*
Thus look big to Day, but to Morrow must shrink,
From Commanding of Porters, to drawing them Drink.
Thus *City-Train-Bands*, Ape the Bold and the Brave,
And the Heroe is mimick'd in Buff by the Slave;
Whilst Children their Follies in Miniature show,
And march by their sides with a Row, dow, dow, dow.

Behind this Division in order there comes,
What gives Life to a Soldier, a Noise of fine Drums,
Which serves as a Call to their Wives and Relations,
To come and peep out on such solemn Occasions;
Who Crowd to the Windows of every Story,
To see 'em March by in their Pomp and their Glory.
The Cuckold is pleas'd that his Wife does behold him;
But who stands behind her, I have not yet told him,
His Absence no doubt now's supply'd by a Lover;
But that is his Business, not mine to Discover.

Thus

They

Thus the Muſquets march on in their Martial array,
Some Soldiers for Pleaſure, and others for Pay;
The Gyant, the Pigmy, the Beau, and the Slouch,
The Hireling worth Little, the Miſer worth Much;
The Wital, the Coward, the Trojan that's Truſty,
The Old, and the Crippl'd, the Young and the Luſty;
The Buff-Coat, the Bare-Coat, the Campaign and Frock,
The Knave that has Brains, and the Fool that's a Block,
The Maſter, the Prentice, the Cuk, and the Gallant,
All march in a File, and all equally Valiant.

Then up comes the Pikes, who're the Horſe to offend,
Wih their Spouſes old Shooe-Tiy's, ty'd on at the end.
Theſe Poking old Knaves arm'd with Hop-Poles, and Rapiers
Are Grocers, and Mercers, Atorneys and Drapers,
Rich Cits of Repute, who a Muſquet Diſ-daining,
As a Load for a Porter, yet Crawl out a Training,
With what their old Shoulders are able to carry,
And all for the City's great Honour and Glory;
But march in a Figure inſtead of a Line,
Each File like a Billet that's Crook'd for a Sign;
Or if I ſhould ſay (ſure I do not Tranſgreſs)
Like the Fly'r of a Jack in the Shape of an S,
I'th' Body of theſe all their Colours are Poſted,
Which like to their Arms ſtand the Kingdom in no-ſtead,
Except now and then, to moſt bravely ſuſtain,
The Fatigue of high Winds, or a Shower of Rain;
In a Nook of their Enſigns, the Arms of the City,
A Dagger all Bloody, is Painted to Fright-ye.
'Tis wiſely deſign'd with a Noble Intent,
To ſhow the juſt Fate of *Wat Tyler* of *Kent*;

Whom *Walworth* the May'r, being a Man of huge Force;
To the City's great Honour, knock'd off from his Horſe,
And when by ſurprize, with his Mace he had fell'd him;
Amongſt'em they maul'd the poor Rogue till they Kill'd him.

On each ſide the Colours, a ſhort Braſen Gun,
Is carry'd b' a Swine, with a Gut like a Tun;
Who looks in his Helmet, and Doublet of Buff,
So terribly Fierce, ſo ſurprizing and Bluff;
That a Hog put in Armour, becomes not his Dreſs,
With a Gallanter Mein, or more Porculent Grace.
Each Arm'd with a Blunderbus, I think they call it,
Which never ſince made was e'er charg'd with a Bullet;
Tho' often with Gunpowder, and when it's Fir'd,
If 'twill but cry Pop, it is all that's deſir'd:
Theſe Magogs are poſted the Colours to Guard,
From the Catch of their Foes, when there's none to be Fear'd.

Such Comical Pikes, Pikes, Pikes march after,
And Guns, Guns, Guns, that wou'd burſt you with Laughter;
Some Stag'ring with Drink, and ſome Hobling with Corns,
Some Scratching their Heads, as if Groping for Horns;
Whilſt others examine their Bottles of Brandy,
To ſee if the Cork be as cloſe as it can be:
For if the Good Liquor ſhou'd come by Miſ-fortune,
Their Courage is loſt with their Cordial moſt certain.
Thus all march confus'dly along to the Battel,
Like droves of *Scotch Runts*, mix'd with *Lancaſhire Cattel*,
Some very Tall Cuckolds and ſome very little;
Encourag'd by Drums, which they Manfully follow,
Becauſe like themſelves, they're both Noiſey and Hollow.

The Reer is brought up by their Slouching Lieutenants,
Who Proud of their Partizans, think it no Pennance,
To creep at the Arse of a parcel of Dunces,
Meer Crackfarts, who only go out to make Bounces;
The only true Reason that can be assign'd,
Why these are so pleas'd with their Office behind;
Because they resolve tho' the Loyal deride-'em,
To stand by the Rump still what e'er does betide-'em;
Well knowing 'tis facing about but once more,
And the Tail will be Head as it was heretofore.

Then after the Regiment marches along,
Of Crippled old Porters, a numberless Throng;
Sustaining great Bundles of Coats on their Shoulders,
In case of bad Weather, to shelter the Soldiers.
The Danger of Battel, they wholly disdain,
And dread nothing more than a shower of Rain;
The project is Good, whosoever advanc'd-it,
To therefore bring with 'em good Armour against-it;
For Armies oft find (you may tak't on my Word)
Bad Weather kills more, than the Bullet or Sword.

In this mighty Pomp, thro' the City they go,
The Children all think 'tis a very fine Show;
And cry out aloud to each other, *Look Yonder*
There's one with a Helmet; as if 'twas a wonder;
From whence it is manifest, (more is the Pity)
A Head-peice is rare to be found in the City;
They are of such Weight, that few Shoulders can bear-'em;
Their May'rs, and their Aldermen never cou'd wear-'em:
I'th' City of late they are quite out of Fashion,
(Except in the *East-India* Old Corporation.)

Their

Their Skulls are ſo thick, they imagine from thence,
That their huge Bullet-Heads have no need of Defence;
In ſo much that they ſcorn even th' Armour of Sence.

With fine Flying Colours, and Groaning board Hums,
Of Curtels and Hoitboys, and Ratling of Drums,
To ſhow their Buff Dublets, they march the Town round,
Till led in at laſt to th' Artillery-Ground;
Where tired with walking, and drown'd in their ſweat,
Near ſtifl'd with Duſt, and half roaſted with Heat.
After many Debates about how or which way,
They're drawn with much Pains into Battel array.
The Col'nel then wiping his pearls from his Face;
Cries *Silence*, and then, *Ground your Arms on the Graſs*;
We've had a long March, I do therefore Command-ye;
Pace, clear off your Arms, and away to your Brandy.
Then ev'ry Man lugs out his Bottle of *Nants*,
And in its own Wine, Drinks confuſion to *France*;
Forgetting that no way would Ruin them quicker,
Then never to ſwallow one drop of their Liquor.
Then out comes Tobacco-Box, Flint, Steel and Tinder,
With naſty foul Pipes, ſcarce the length of my Finger;
Then each with his own Rank and Quality herds,
So to Funking of Noſes, and Singeing of Beards.

Then others more Hungry, their Stomachs to Pleaſe,
Sit down to their Luncheons of Houſe-hold and Cheeſe,
Without ſaying Grace, do ſo heartily Twiſt,
That each bit they ſwallow's as big as my Fiſt.

Then up comes a Sutler, whoſe Trade is to cry,
A Can of Mild Beer, who's a Dry, who's a Dry?

Here's

Here's Stale-Beer, and Mild-Beer, good Stich-Back, and Pharaoh;
Tho' all his whole Cellar, is but a Wheel-Barrow;
Wherein he has mounted a Runlet of Liquor,
Tho' ſome may be Stronger, there's none can be Thicker;
And this he drives round with a cozening Cam,
To water the Camp at a Penny a Man.

When each brave Commander had chear'd up his Spirit
With Racy Canary, or elſe with good Clarret;
Brought into the Field with a Noble Deſign,
E'er the Battel begins to Inſpire 'em with Wine;
That each may their Prowеſs and Courage exert,
Which dwells in a true Valiant Citizens Heart.
The Drums were commanded to beat an Alarm;
And the cry of a ſudden, was *Arm, Arm, Arm*;
The Hoitboys began moſt confuſ'dly to ſound,
And their Pipes but half Smoak'd were all thrown to the Ground;
The Muſqueteers run, and their Bandaleers rattled,
Such hurry there was, you'd have thought them betwatled.
The old feeble Pike-Men came hobbling ſoon after,
Like Oxen firſt Ham-ſtring'd and drove to the Slaughter.
And when they had waſted an hour almoſt,
In each finding out his own Arms, and his Poſt;
Each *Captain* to take a ſurvey of the Ground,
Drew his Company out, and March'd twice or thrice round.
But finding they had no *French* Enemy near-'em,
To Face-'em, to Fight-'em, to Fright-'em, or Fear-'em.

The Col'nel to ſhow he was ſkill'd in the Arts
Of *Bellona*, divided them into two parts;

That Father and Son, Maſter, Prentice, and Brother,
Might Fight like true Engliſhmen, one againſt t'other.
The Regiment thus after grand Conſultation,
Drawn into two Battalions after a Faſhion,
Like Heroes undaunted advance very near,
Without the leaſt Signs of a Cowardly Fear.
Then, *Make ready all*, crys th' Commander in chief,
To his Punch-Gutted Boys, made Courageous by Beeff,
And a *Sundays* Bag-Pudding, for want of which Food,
They would Swear what they heard at Church did 'em no
[Good
Then to Priming, and Charging, and Ramming their Powder,
So hard, that the Bounce may be ſo much the louder;
Then he that Commands, with a hurtleſs Intent,
Cries, *If you are ready my brave Lads, Preſent.*
Then holding his Cane with both Hands up higher,
A Foot than his Head, his next Word is *Fire*;
But dops down his Noddle almoſt to the Graſs,
Not fearing a Bullet ſhou'd fly in his Face;
But leſt the fierce Flame, which admits no reſtraining,
Should burn his fine Wig, kept on purpoſe for Training.
The Mob cry *Huzza*, and the Drums Rat, tat, too;
There is Snap, Slap, and Bounce, and the Devil to do:
Such Firing, and Popping, a Fight you may Sweat,
Was ne'er better mimick'd in *Barthol'mew-Fair*:
And when all their Powder and No-Ball is ſpent,
To pleaſure the Mob with a harmleſs Intent;
And the Smoak of the Gun-Powder mix'd with their Sweat,
Died ſome like to Saffron and others like Jet;
Their Drums and their Muſquets, at once ceas'd to Rattle,
And thus without Blood-ſhed they ended their Battle.

Having no Ammunition to further Maintain-it,
They grew as good Friends, as before they began-it:
Their Judges, the Rabble, do then diſpute whether
O'th' the two Fir'd beſt, that is cloſeſt together;
By th' Rule of the Mob, where they Fire moſt even:
To that ſide the Victory always is given,
With many Huzza's, being the old Faſhion'd way
They have us'd down from *Adam* to this very day,
To ſet forth their Thanks, or their Gratitude pay.
Having tired themſelves with their Counterfeit Strife;
And mimick'd a Fight without Death to the Life;
They March from the Wars to their Counters, or Shopboards,
And firſt Kiſs their Wives, then away to their Cupboards;
Where Hungry as Hawks, having Food to delight-'em,
They out-Eat the *French*, rather more than out-Fight-'em.
When Supper is ended, and *Bow* Bell Rings Nine:
With Paunches well ſtuff'd, as an Offal-fed Swine;
They ſtrip off their Buff from their Hides and their Tallows,
And Leap into Bed to their Dear Blouzabella's.

A Ballad in Praiſe of a certain Commander in the City.

A Heroe of no ſmall Renown,
But Noted for a Man of Mettle;
Thro' all the Parts of London *Town,*
No Gentleman, nor yet a Clown,
No Grave Wiſe Man, nor Stupid Beetle.

By many Deeds of Proweſs done;
He's gain'd a matchleſs Reputation,
Perform'd by neither Sword or Gun;
But by what means you'll know anon;
And how he Work'd his Preſervation.

Well

APR 14 31

This Sight bred fad Domestick Strife,
Alibo' the Man's to be Commended:
For what's a Loving Handsome Wife,
To a Mans Money or his Life?
For all is Lost when that is ended?

Her Necklace, Cloaths, and Diamond Ring,
The Greedy Usurer quickly fell to;
One Petticoat-Vnit let her bring
Away, with Smock, and t'other Thing;
To let her Noble Hero Smell-to.

A Ballad in Praise of Ale.

Well-mounted Noble Gentry,
With Sword and Pistol charg'd before-him:
They ride out-East the French, right more than out-Right-em.
His Boots not fit, a Riding Tony.
Nor on his Pistols clap'd a Hand;
The Major wisely would not stand,
Albo' we must Confess indeed,
Of either Arms there was no need,
His Conduct did alone secure-him:
No Elk or Deer could run Faster,
With Panches we'll fill'd as Wind:
But Spur'd away as swift as Arrow:
They Turn'd not back to see the Foe,
Expos'd to Dust a fair Display,
And Leap into Bed as Day-light grew:
They Trip off light o' the Mob, where they Fig most gayly:
To leave his Fright behind,
We are quite Man of Stout and Kind,
No Elk or Deer could run Faster.
Buy Spur'd away as swift as Wind:

With Pannches well fill'd as Bladder.

Wife's Wishes upon a single Horse.

T'wards Egypt both Rid out together:
But what than ill-Luck can be worse?
A High-way-Man of equal Force,
Alas! obstructed both their Pleasure:
Having their Cash with their Commission gone?
Both Mare and Man, all Spoyl'd to Grass,
Had now the Wind, not Pistols Shot to Chase:
Bar'd Mouths for a Month of Oats:

Well-mounted Noble Gentry,
With Sword and Pistol charg'd before-him:
And thus with Pistols Cock'd he made Demand,
And told them he'd have their Money:
The Major wisely would not stand,
Albo' we must Confess indeed,
Nor on his Pistols clap'd a Hand;
His Boots not fit, a Riding Toney.
They out-East the French, right more than out-Right-em.
With Spur'd away as swift as Wind:
No Elk or Deer could run Faster.
We are quite Man of Stout and Kind,
To leave his Fright behind,
Expos'd to Dust a fair Display,
And Leap into Bed as Day-light grew:
They Trip off light o' the Mob, where they Fig most gayly:
To the next Inn the Way they Trot,
With Panches well fill'd as Bladder.
Wife's Wishes upon a single Horse.
T'wards Egypt both Rid out together:
But what than ill-Luck can be worse?
A High-way-Man of equal Force,
Alas! obstructed both their Pleasure:
To let him with their Cash their Commission gone?
Having their Cash with their Commission Spite?